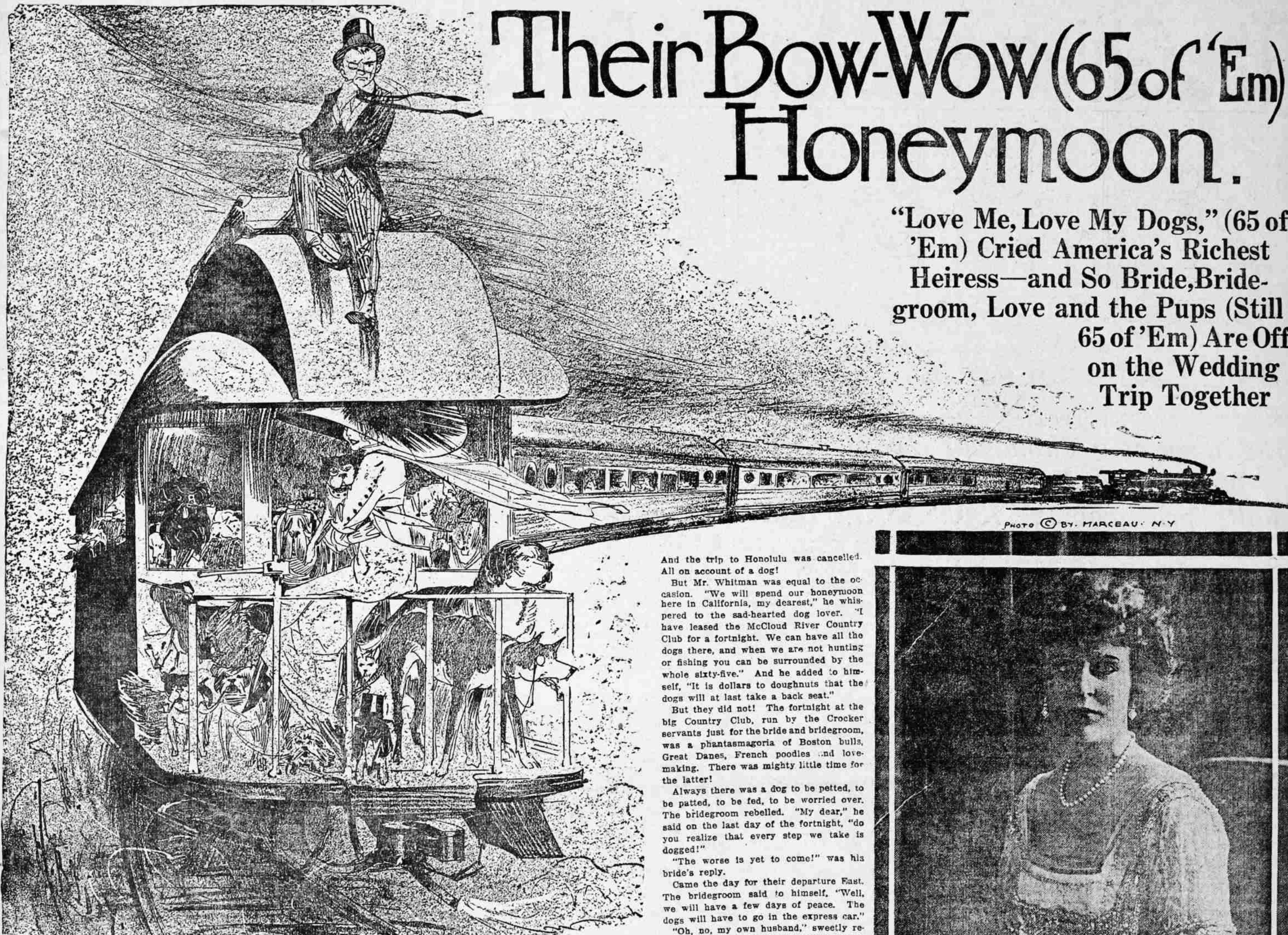


Their Bow-Wow (65 of 'Em) Honeymoon.

"Love Me, Love My Dogs," (65 of 'Em) Cried America's Richest Heiress—and So Bride, Bridegroom, Love and the Pups (Still 65 of 'Em) Are Off on the Wedding Trip Together



"Everybody expects a bride and groom to be all wrapped up in each other. But with sixty-five dogs along on their wedding trip, how could they be? Figuratively, at least the bridegroom was always on the roof."

JENNIE CROCKER, the wealthiest heiress of the Pacific Coast, daughter of the late Colonel Fred Crocker, and most intimate friend of "Bobby" Sears, of Boston, is on her wedding trip with sixty-five dogs, and her husband. Her husband is Mr. Malcolm Whitman, son of Mr. William Whitman, one of the ten richest men of Boston, ex-tennis champion, millionaire in his own right and all-round athlete. He was a widower with two small children when he fell in love with the Western heiress and her dogs.

Long before Miss Crocker fell in love with Mr. Whitman she was in love with her dogs. She has more than one hundred. Her kennels are valued at \$100,000. And now she is travelling around the country with sixty-five of these dogs and a husband.

These precious blue-blooded Boston bull terriers have a special car. They have maids and valets. They have special food, special water, and the most marvelous bed baskets. The car is attached to the special in which the bride and bridegroom are travelling. The "Dog Special" is well known along the roads on which it is travelling. Mrs. Whitman gave orders at the start of this curious "Dog Honeymoon" that every care should be given the dogs, even if she and Mr. Whitman had to suffer.

It is no new thing for this ten million dollar heiress to put her pets ahead of herself. She would never be friends with any one who did not like her dogs. Often she said: "I might marry a beggar, a burglar or a nobleman, but never a man who did not love my dogs."

So when Mr. Whitman asked her to marry him she said: "You love me? Then you must love my sixty-five dogs. The man who marries me must marry my family, too."

The ex-tennis champion, whose first wife had been Miss Janet McCook, a cousin of Miss Crocker, being deeply in love, held up his good tennis arm and said:

"I promise to include the sixty-five dogs in my future household. I promise not to

do anything to estrange said sixty-five dogs from their devoted mistress. I promise to be always gentle, kind and true to said sixty-five dogs, to love and cherish them, so long as they shall live."

The day after these extraordinary promises were made the engagement was announced, and Mr. Whitman urged an early marriage. Perhaps he hoped that those pre-nuptial vows might be forgotten. But alas, alack! Those fond barks haunt him still, and he has been married four weeks. He has had, he says, "four weeks of 'dog-gone' happiness."

"Of course, we can be married in July. We might as well get the fuss over with, but dear, oh dear, I cannot be separated from my Fifi Bee, my Chiffon Gray, or darling little Panky Pink," spoke the dog-loving heiress, when Mr. Whitman insisted that July 15th should be the happy day, dogs or not.

Then up spake Aunt Harriet, better known to New York as Mrs. Charles Alexander. "And who, pray, is Panky Pink and Fifi Bee?" "They are my two darlingest new Boston bulls. They sleep on my bed, and I bathe them myself. I simply cannot go away and leave them," answered Miss Crocker.

Many long discussions were held. It did seem as though Mr. Whitman would literally have to marry the dogs!

As the sixteenth drew near those prize dogs developed all kinds of ailments. In ran Miss Jennie one day. "Oh! Oh! I cannot be married! Hippo Hop has a warm nose. I know he is going to die if I go away and leave him!"

It took twenty-four kisses and hours of persuasion to cure the bride-to-be of this hallucination.

Then the next day more tears. "I cannot marry you. Fifi Bee is ill. She refuses to eat the third plate of imported truffles. Her heart is breaking because she 'senses' that I am to leave her."

Even then Mr. Whitman did not lose courage. He calmed his weeping fiancée

and mentally cursed the day he had promised to be gentle and kind to those sixty-five dogs.

"Listen to my latest plan," said the noble Boston bred fiancée. You shall not be separated from the dogs. They shall go with us on our wedding trip!"

"Dogs on our wedding trip! Joyous! Joyous! Panky Pink to be our constant companion! Oh, my dear Malcolm! How happy you are making me! But how can we manage it? We cannot go to England, then. You know, dear, when I went to London that year to be bridesmaid for my cousin, Jean Reid, the horrid authorities would not let me take my dogs with me. I had to keep the darlings on board a barge off the coast, and oh, they were so seasick! I could not go through that agony again, even to marry you, my dearest one."

The ex-tennis champion squared his jaws and his shoulders at the same time. "England is an ungrateful country. Did I not once lick the Doherty brothers in an honest fight? I will lick the whole island for you, my only one, but it will not be necessary. We will not go to England. We will go where the sixty-five will be welcomed warmly and with honor."

"Where, oh, where will that be?" signed Miss Crocker.

"Hawaii!" triumphantly shouted Mr. Whitman. "We will go on our own yacht. I will have the five port staterooms done over into blue and white tiled kennels, and you shall take the whole sixty-five if you wish."

Came busy days for the bride-to-be. She had to be fitted for her trousseau. She had to arrange the thousand and one details for her very elaborate \$60,000 wedding, and she had to superintend the "dog yacht" for the "dog honeymoon." But by the Fourth of July everything was settled, the yacht done over into a floating kennel and the flowers ordered for the church decorations. And then the veterinary surgeon told the bride-to-be that Panky Pink could not stand an ocean voyage!

And the trip to Honolulu was cancelled. All on account of a dog!

But Mr. Whitman was equal to the occasion. "We will spend our honeymoon here in California, my dearest," he whispered to the sad-hearted dog lover. "I have leased the McCloud River Country Club for a fortnight. We can have all the dogs there, and when we are not hunting or fishing you can be surrounded by the whole sixty-five." And he added to himself, "It is dollars to doughnuts that the dogs will at last take a back seat."

But they did not! The fortnight at the big Country Club, run by the Crocker servants just for the bride and bridegroom, was a phantasmagoria of Boston bulls, Great Danes, French poodles and love-making. There was mighty little time for the latter!

Always there was a dog to be petted, to be patted, to be fed, to be worried over. The bridegroom rebelled. "My dear," he said on the last day of the fortnight, "do you realize that every step we take is dogged!"

"The worse is yet to come!" was his bride's reply.

Came the day for their departure East. The bridegroom said to himself, "Well, we will have a few days of peace. The dogs will have to go in the express car."

"Oh, no, my own husband," sweetly replied the bride. "I have ordered a special car to be attached to our train for the dogs, so that I can visit them every two hours. Oh, I could not live were it not for my dogs!"

And so the dog special was evolved, and the Dog Honeymoon continued!

The child is father of the man. The girl is mother of the woman. As a child the little heiress adored her dogs and put them first always. As a girl she did the same. She can not reform all at once.

The courtship of Mr. Whitman and Miss Crocker centred on her dogs. Mr. Whitman married Miss McCook, a niece of Mrs. Charles B. Alexander, and a daughter of Colonel John McCook, five years ago. She died three years ago, leaving a child of one year and a baby two days old. Mr. Whitman was prostrated, and until recently led a very secluded life. His babies were his only comfort. When he travelled he took them with him, with their several nurses. He would not be separated from them.

Then he fell in love with another of Mrs. Alexander's nieces, this ten-million-dollar heiress of the Twin Midases of the Pacific Coast, Fred and George A. Crocker. She had been one of the bridesmaids at his wedding, but had spent the greater part of the intervening time in London with the Whitelaw Reids, or in California. It was during this time that while travelling in Europe with one of her prize dogs the dog died, and its heart-broken owner sent it away home to California to be buried in a marble vault at a cost of \$3,000. The girl of the dogs was well known all over Europe.

Naturally when Mr. Whitman began the dog-courtship he had to look pleasant under all circumstances.

"Come," he would say to the girl of the dogs, let us go walking in the park."

"Yes, indeed," she would reply. "We will take six of the dogs and give them a run."

And so it was all the time. One wagish friend sent the following classic gem to both the lovers:

"Jennie has some little dog,
Whose fleece is not like snow;
Everywhere those doggies walk,
Malcolm is sure to go."

He is, so far, true to his vows. When his bride goes to the dog car every two hours he goes with her, but recently he has refused to pet Panky Pink or coax her to eat more than two plates of truffles for luncheon.

"This is," the ex-champion of the tennis court says, "a dog-gone honeymoon."



Miss Malcolm Whitman, nee Jennie Crocker, who has gone on her honeymoon with all her canine treasures accompanying her.